A

POEM
ON THE
ELECTION
OF A
Knight of the Shire of *Edinburgh.*

THE Day is come, and Freedom is decay'd,
Now muſt not flouriſh, but muſt droop her Head,
And in a ſhameful ſlaviſh Yoke muſt break
The gall'd, the fetter'd *Caledonia*'s Neck;
Edina's Friends impatient th' Event,
Each for his different Inclinations bent.
For Sir *John B——d* the honeſt ſet their Mind,
The good, the wiſe, to him were all inclin'd;
But thoſe whom ſervile Principles o're ſway'd,
J——s, P—ſt-M——s, P———ners for Bread;
In baſe ſelf-guided Scales the Buſineſs weigh'd,
And thus to *G——r* hath the Shire betray'd.
Oh *A——n!* whom once we did admire;
Art thou frail turn'd, or what is thy Deſire?
That doth thy ill perverted Power extend,
And dar'ſt to ceaſe to be thy Country's Friend;
And I——s you, ſo *H———n* grown,
You'd ſell your Country, for to ſerve the Crown,
Leſt from your Poſt, you'd chance to tumble down:
Juſtice (in Time) ſhall Traitors over-throw,
'Spite of their Pow'r, they'll get this fatal Blow;
When God thinks fit to raiſe a ſinking Land,
And ſtir up PATRIOTS, who will bravely ſtand,
'Gainſt a corrupted *H———n* Band:

And

And when the Guardians of our *Britiſh* Iſle,
Shall not our Freedom with Corruption file;
The baſe, the wicked, ſell the Peoples Right,
For Gold, for Peerage, or to be a Knight;
Not ſo, old *Britons* had their Honour fought,
(When againſt arbitrary Kings they fought)
'Twas Liberty! with Blood and Wounds dear bought.
But now, I turn from this afflicting Theme,
Come give due Praiſes to thoſe Sons of Fame,
Thoſe gen'rous Spirits, thoſe intrepid few,
Who for their Country's Intereſt faſt and true,
No Bribes could byaſs, nor no Threats ſubdue;
But for Sir *John* did vote with one accord,
Publiſh their Names, and keep them on Record.
They, CATO like, ſhew'd Virtue in this Age,
For which, and Liberty they'll ay engage,
And with one Voice oppoſe the Wicked's Rage;
They ſpoke like *Britons*, worthy to give Laws,
And did aſſert the Juſtice of their Cauſe;
But when thy found, that Right to Wrong muſt yield,
They did proteſt before they left the Field,
Unconquer'd in their Minds, they ſcorn'd to fear
The Victor proud, or his corrupted Snear;
Their Love to *Britons* cannot be ſuppreſt,
While juſt Reſentment heaves each PATRIOTS Breaſt,
Moſt worthy Men, moſt juſtly praiſed by all,
While they ſurvive, *Britannia* cannot fall;
Let ev'ry Judge like P——ft *C—ts* incline, Coutts
And *S——t* like each Parliamenter ſhine;
And noble *A——ne* with his Parts ſublime,
Our Legiſlature then will ſeem divine:
Freedom and Plenty will adorn each Head,
The Trader and the Artiſt will find Bread:
The Sailors bold will range the *Spaniſh* Shore,
And teach the *Dons* to war with us no more,
'Twas what our Kings, and *Cromwell* did before.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The

The Soldiers brave, if STAIRS does them command,
No *French* dare Face them, or before them ſtand;
The Stateſman great, the Soldier and Divine,
The Lawyer bright, who hates a Courtier's Crime:
He *Mercenaries* ſure would keep in Awe,
Not they, nor none, ſhould claim of us the Paw;
He *Britiſh* Arms would brandiſh o'er the Rhine,
Storming each City, forcing ev'ry Line,
Singing their Triumphs o'er the En'mies Wine;
Conqueſt abounding, Victory the Game,
Tying each *Hero* to regain our Name:
By Victories, great MALBOROUGH was rais'd,
He not by Skirmiſh, or Mock-Battle prais'd;
Such Laurels, ſure, would on this Gen'ral ſhower.
Had not ſome Body, ta'en from him the Po[w]
But when the Weakneſs of *G—e W—*
He muſt be call'd, to gather greater P
And from dark Clouds to clear our [C]

Old ENGL

WE complain bi
We acknow'
All *H———y* do
The CAPTAIN
To thee all PL
The Houſe of L

The holy Bench of Bishops, throughout the Land, doth acknowledge thee.
Thine honourable, true, and steady SON;
Also my Lady *T*——*th* the Comforter.
Thou art a glorious Prince *F*——*k*;
Thou art the ever changing Son of the Father;
When thou tookest upon thee to deliver this Nation, thou didst not abhor thy Father's Exchequers.
When thou hadst overcome the Sharpness of Want,
Thou didst open the Smiles of thy Favour to all Believers in Court:
Thou sittest at the Right-hand of *P*——*m* in the Treasury
f thy Father:
hat thou shalt come to be our Scourge;
ay thee to provide for thy Servants, whom
with thy Reconciliation;
er'd with thy Slaves in *Infamy* ever-
f *Britain*,
of *H*——*r*;
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